

# MURDER AT MOREHEAD.

## Thomas Day and John Day Exchange Cousinly Courtesies and the Latter Will Die.

[Special to the Courier-Journal.]

OWINGSVILLE, Aug. 28.—There was another of those bloody affairs which have made Rowan county so famous in Morehead yesterday afternoon, by which one of the most noted and desperate of the Tolliver faction in the recent warfare in that section will undoubtedly lose his life. On the afternoon in question, John C. Day went into the bar-room owned by Dr. Raine and ordered a drink of whisky of his cousin, Thomas Day. The bar clerk, instead of giving him the whisky, set a bottle of brandy before him. Day took the drink, and he was apparently satisfied until the clerk informed him of the trick that had been played on him, telling him that he, the clerk, knew that he, John Day, was such a d— fool that he could not tell the difference between whisky and brandy. Day made no reply to this, but walked quickly into the room in the rear of the bar, where a game of pool was in progress, and picking up a billiard cue returned to the front room. He made a rush upon the clerk who had deceived him in giving him the wrong drink, and knocking him down used him in a severe manner. He kicked him and broke a whisky-glass or two over the clerk's head, after he had fallen from the blow of the billiard cue. After beating his victim until he was tired of it, Day left the room and started to walk off, but by this time the clerk had gained his feet and secured a revolver. Going to the door he fired upon Day, the ball taking effect in the small of the back and ranging up a little, coming out on the opposite side. A portion of the liver came out at the wound. Day is still living, but there is no hope of his recovery.

The men had always been the best of friends and were first cousins, John Day had been a terror to the people of his county for years. Both of these men were implicated in the burning of old Mrs. Martin and the murder of Ben Raboun something like a year ago. This last shooting causes little or no regret.